MARTIN REDFERN'S OATH.

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE,

Author of "Marjorie Gordon: Heroine or Fanatic?" "Fifeshire Tales," "Cobweb's Promise," etc.

"A tiny, quaint figure stood there, framed in the doorway." *p. 24.*

CHAPTER IV.

DOT MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

TEA was over, and Mrs. Driver came up to say she was ready to take "Miss Dot" out. "I'm taking some fine washing-lace, and sich-like, to a housekeeper in a big house near the road," she said, as "Miss Dot" danced about in wild excitement. "They've a pretty garden round the place, too; it's a pity there are no children to enjoy it."

"Yes," Ella assented, tying on the limp little bonnet, and thinking very regretfully that it was but a shabby head-gear for such a sweet face, "a garden is a great luxury in London."

"Dot sall see the darden," announced that young lady, as she looked around for Lolla, "and Lolla too. May Dot dather some daisies, muzzer?"

"I don't think there will be any now, darling," Ella said, "and, besides, Dot must not touch anything, unless Mrs. Driver allows her. And she must hold Mrs. Driver's hand in the street, and do *everything* she is told. Will Dot promise mother to be very good?"

"'Es, Dot will be dood." Ella kissed the serious face, and then she and her husband watched the funny pair from the window as they traversed the little street; Dot's busy tongue chattering gaily, and Mrs. Driver, a portly figure in a cotton gown and shabby, black mantle, suiting her pace to the small feet beside her, her pleasant old face rather red with heat and the exertion of walking.

While Dot is unconsciously taking a very important step in her small life, and the two are leaving Paradise Row behind them, and getting into the broader street, we must go back a little, so as to bring together the threads of our story, and see how these ten years have treated Mr. Redfern.

If we are to think of them in the light of the wealth they brought, then he had, indeed, been one of fortune's favourites. Since his daughter's departure the old man had succeeded to two fortunes through the death of distant cousins, of whom he had never even heard.

The second inheritance included a house in London, not far from the Campsley Road, and Mr. Redfern, who had grown weary of the Hall and its dismal splendours, finally made up his mind to betake himself to the metropolis. "What is the use," he thought, gloomily, "of staying here, and spending nothing? I may as well go to London and try and get a little pleasure out of my money. Mark will hardly know what to do with it all, as it is." The years had not, in spite of fortune's gifts, brought all pleasure. Martin Redfern was an old man now, and he felt, as time went on, that it was hard to be left so lonely in his old age; his brother was dead, and Mark Redfern was not a man in whom you could find much comfort. And little as Martin liked to confess it, even to himself, he was bitterly disappointed in Mark. Once upon a time he had liked him, had been proud of his nephew, and it had been a very pleasant thought to the old man to dream of the two families and fortunes being united; his name should not be forgotten, after all. Ella's children should inherit the Hall, which otherwise would have been Mark's, and his son-in-law would be a man of note, would go into Parliament, and spend money, and be talked of—would be known as a man of fortune and position; and Ella, his child, would share in all this.

And then had come the bitter disappointment. All his

bright visions had been dashed to the ground; Ella had married an obscure artist, had thwarted and disobeyed him.

He had kept to the letter of that angry oath. He had never taken any notice of her, never asked for her, or allowed her name to be mentioned, neither had he received her letters; these his brother had secured, and had kindly saved him the trouble of reading by returning them unopened to the little town at which Ella and her husband were then staying.

Mark had been almost as great a secret disappointment in his way as had Ella, though, of course, Martin could not so resent the fact; and then, he could not but confess that it was difficult to lay his finger on his nephew's exact fault. Mark had an argument to urge against everything his uncle said, and he had always a sufficient answer to every objection made to his apparent peccadilloes.

He had married a Miss Mogg, the daughter of a rich tea merchant, "a nobody," Martin thought, indignantly. "What did the man want with more money? Everyone knows I shall have to leave him enough, and his father left him sufficient for any man! He will be a perfect Crœsus! Could he not have married someone of rank—someone whose name would have done him honour? 'Mogg,' indeed!" Even the name was a humiliation and aggravation to him, and then Miss Mogg herself did not take his fancy. She wore silk gowns which "stood on end," as people say, with richness, "feathers, and furbelows, and ribbons." Nothing was too gaudy or too extravagant for her taste, and Mr. Redfern, who had always liked his womankind to wear soft materials—muslin and cambric and lawn in summer, soft merinos and cashmeres in winter—cordially detested her gorgeous raiment, and disliked the wearer almost as much.

She did not trouble herself at all to propitiate or conciliate him. "What does it matter?" she would say to her husband, in her easy way, "if the old man does not like me; he likes you well enough, Mark. 'Leave his money elsewhere?' Oh, there is no fear of that. And even though he were to, we have enough of our own."

Of course Mark did not see matters in this light at all, and, but for his increased suavity and deference, there would have been a breach between the families long ago. He tried to bring his wife to reason, ordered her to conciliate the old man in the best way she could, and sent her to his uncle's house continually, where she rustled about in Wörth's or Elise's last masterpiece, interfering with the household management, and nearly driving Mr. Redfern frantic by her loud, unceasing chatter.

"Keep your wife away, Mark," he said at last, taking his nephew confidentially aside one day, after Mrs. Redfern had been peculiarly unbearable; "keep her away, or we shall quarrel. You can send that little girl of yours out to see me sometimes. She's a prim little thing, and almost as gaily dressed as her mother, but at least she keeps quiet and holds her tongue. Tell your wife it's too far for the horses—anything you like—or that I'm a cantankerous old man, and don't like womankind." And, with a grim smile, he pushed an envelope into Mark's hand, as if to make up for his speech. "Buy those horses you wanted. There! You will tell her?"

And Mark, with great sweetness and deference, promised compliance, muttering something rather ugly, and not exactly complimentary to wife or uncle, under his breath.

He could not very well have told you why, but of late Mr. Redfern had thought continually of his daughter. He contrasted her frequently now with his new niece, and it was strange how often she was in his mind. He wondered where she was, if she ever thought of him, and why she had never tried to see him or to gain his forgiveness. Not that, he thought, he *would* have forgiven her. He had sworn he never would; but she *ought* to have at least tried to see him. Of course *he* would never seek her. No, she had chosen her path; on it she must walk. But—but—but. The "buts" were hard to answer, and meant a good deal of regret. Love and affection are hard to kill, thank God! and dead as he had deemed it, the father's love was in the old man's heart still, needing only a touch, after all these years, to make it spring once more to life.

It was a significant circumstance, too, that he had often repeated to himself, "No, I can never seek her, and I swore never to see her or hers; but I should like to know where she is—what she is doing." He never asked, or betrayed his wish, however, and no one dared mention her name to him.

He was in his sitting-room on this July evening, between seven and eight; his stately, luxurious dinner was over, for he dined at the unfashionable hour of six, and he was a little tired, for he was an old man now, and he had been driving in town that afternoon.

One of the windows was half open, and the cool air came in from the garden, laden with the breath of roses and lilies. It was a wonderful garden for London, and Martin had always loved flowers. He was sitting at the table, a shrivelled, bent old figure, with almost white hair, and piercing grey eyes gleaming out still keenly from under his shaggy eyebrows. He had been reading, but had pushed the book aside now, and was thinking deeply.

Strangely enough, he was thinking of Ella. That afternoon he had gone into the housekeeper's parlour to see about some repairs she had asked for, and there, though he pretended not to notice it, he had seen his daughter's picture. He had given only one long look, when Mrs. Leslie's back was towards him, but the childish face and figure had haunted him ever since; it was very clearly before him now. It was a pretty picture—a pretty child.

He remembered when it was painted, after his wife's death. The artist had wished to send it to the Academy and to picture galleries, but he had not consented, though it had hung through one season at the Grosvenor; and then he remembered the sum the great man had asked for his work, and how Ella had opened her eyes long afterwards when he told her.

"I never saw just such eyes," he was thinking. "They——"

Just then there was a little fumbling at the door handle, as if some one was trying to enter, and then the handle turned, and the door opened slowly.

The old man started from his seat with a half-stifled cry of surprise, as the new comer met his startled view, for it seemed to him that his little child had stepped down from her picture in Mrs. Leslie's room to come before him now.

Surely it was she!

A tiny, quaint figure stood there, framed in the doorway, as if hesitating whether or not to advance. Her white cotton bonnet was falling back from the sweet face, showing the loose tumbled curls of fair hair; she held a doll clasped in one hand, just as did the child upstairs; the little blue cotton frock was the same, and the white socks, and tiny shoes; and were these not Ella's eyes?

As he had said, he had never seen eyes like hers—except these! The same beautiful colour, the same serious, sweet look!

Then suddenly as he stood as if petrified gazing at her, she began to speak, and the charm was broken.

"I is Dot; who is 'oo, ole gen'leman?"

He advanced then, rather falteringly, his steps very unsteady, and drew quite near her. "Where did you come from, child? Who brought you here?"

The words sounded rather harsh, but his tone was strangely gentle, and Dot—for she it was—was not at all discomposed.

"Dot comed with Mrs. Dwiver," she said, looking up into his face confidingly. "Se is down 'tairs wis 'nother woman. Dot wanted to see the darden!"

Old Martin could hardly take his eyes from her, and she repeated her first question after a little serious scrutiny of his face, "Who is 'oo, ole gen'leman?"

"I am Mr. Redfern-Fairlie"—(the last name he had been obliged to take with the new property)—and he answered in spite of himself, for she was irresistible; then he added hesitatingly, and as if surprised at his own words, "You can see the garden if you come over here."

"It is really ridiculous," he was thinking at the same time. "And what does Mrs. Leslie mean by allowing people to bring stray children here? But *what* a likeness, and what a queer, tiny little girl! And she doesn't seem the least afraid of me!"

Mark's little girl was terrified at the old gentleman, and he knew it; there was a good deal of secret delight in his last thought.

Dot held out a small hand in answer to his permission, and Mr. Redfern with a strange, half awkward smile on his grey old face, took it within his own, and led her to the window, where he lifted her with a great effort—for he was unused to such work—on to a chair.

The touch of that small hand had awakened past memories in his heart; he could not help remembering now how the little girl in the picture had come to him in the summer mornings, placing her small hand in his, just as this little one had done, and how they had wandered through the gardens and orchard together.

Dot clasped her hands in delight, as she looked out upon the old man's garden, and Lolla dropped unheeded to the floor, where she lay quite forgotten. "Oh!" she cried, with a little scream of joy, "muzzer said there would be no daisies—and Dot sees yem—and oh! sus *buful* flowers!"

"Who is your mother? Is she downstairs?" Mr. Redfern asked, and Dot answered dreamily "Ses," too much engrossed with the beauty of the garden to attend to what her "ole gen'leman" said. Daisies, yes and lilies, and pink roses and lovely carnations—Dot had never seen such flowers!

Just then the door opened, after an apologetic and very timid tap, and Mrs. Leslie, older and greyer than when we saw her last, appeared. She was quite nervous with apprehension of her master's anger at thus finding his privacy intruded upon, and great was her amazement to see him standing quietly by the little figure mounted on the chair, something even almost amounting to a smile on his face. "Oh, if you please, sir," she began, tremulously, "I am *very* sorry! The little thing wandered away when I was showing some laces to the woman who came with her. We were so taken up that we quite forgot her. She did say something about going upstairs, but I did not notice. It shan't happen again, sir."

Mr. Redfern waved his hand as if he accepted the apology, and Mrs. Leslie resumed. "I hope she has not troubled you, sir; she ——" and then the housekeeper's eyes became suddenly riveted to Dot's face, and she stopped short.

"Well, well," Mr. Redfern said, sharply, attributing her look of surprise to its right cause, "it's no matter! She's a nice little thing. Who is she?"

"The child of some quite poor people, lodgers of Mrs. Driver's; the mother sews for some of the shops," the housekeeper answered, still almost dreamily, and Mr. Redfern turned away, half relieved, or was it half-disappointed? So it was only a chance likeness after all. What had he hoped?

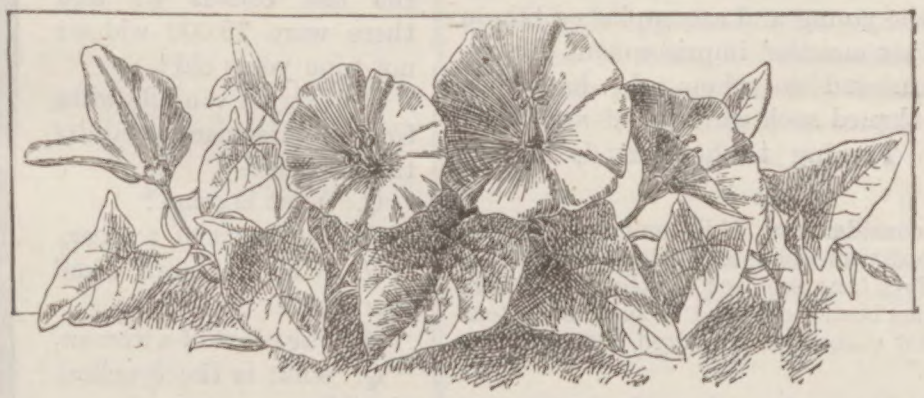
And then Mrs. Leslie lifted Dot from the chair, and the child, looking a little disappointed at being so soon torn from what was, to her town-bred eyes, a glimpse of paradise indeed, picked up Lolla with a long sigh.

"You—you may come again—and see the garden, little one," Mr. Redfern said, with a strange softness in his voice, and much to Mrs. Leslie's surprise; and Dot said, "Sank 'oo" very gratefully, for she had been carefully trained, and then she turned away obediently. But another thought seemed to strike her when she reached the door, and she drew her hand from the housekeeper's. She went back and lifted her face to the old man's. "I'll kiss 'oo, ole gen'leman, if 'oo like," she said confidingly; "'oo vevy kind to Dot," and then, as Mrs. Leslie fairly gasped with amazement, Mr. Redfern bent down, down till the child's soft lips touched his withered face.

There was a strange look of pleasure in his eyes when he stood up; he felt oddly as if some one had honoured him, and Dot went contentedly away, saying at the door, "Dot *will* tome adain."

A little child's proffered caress. It was a small thing to soften a hard heart; but God's ways are not as ours, and His servants are very often the little ones whom Christ loved and blessed long ago!

(Continued on page 49.)



INDIAN INFANT MARRIAGES AND CHILD WIDOWHOOD.

BY MRS. CAVALIER.

The British Press has at length taken up the question which saps the life of Hindu society, namely, the baneful customs with regard to child marriage and enforced widowhood in India. Mr. Behramji M. Malabari, a Parsee gentleman, a native of Bombay, who for eighteen years past has been working indefatigably to arouse his countrymen to the great need of reform with regard to these cruel customs, has recently visited England. Earnestly and eloquently has he appealed to the British Government for Indian domestic reform, and we trust his burning words may be the means of stirring up heartfelt sympathy for those helpless girls, who instead of being protected and cared for as subjects of her Majesty Victoria, the widowed Queen, are daily loaded with the clanking chains of hardship and injustice. An influential committee has been formed to forward Mr. Malabari's movement. We see with pleasure the names of three past Viceroys of India, several ex-Governors, and Lieutenant-Governors, who, like Sir William Muir, Sir Rivers Thompson, and, more recently, Lord Reay, have left their impress on the homes and hearts of India's people. This is sufficient proof of the necessity of reform.

The *Times*, in a leading article dated August 20th, says:—

"It is our national boast that odious and cruel institutions cannot long breathe the atmosphere in which the Queen rules. But in India we have long connived at cruelties—cruelties none the less odious because practised in the name of religion, and upon victims that mutely acquiesce in their fate—which need only to be understood to excite profound repugnance and compassion.

"The time has arrived for the rulers of India to ask themselves whether they can any longer throw the shield of British law over the tortures perpetrated upon the Hindu child-wife and the Hindu child-widow."

The result of Mr. Malabari's appeal has been to elicit a very unusual unity of British public opinion as to the necessity of prompt legislation in the direction of Indian child-marriage reform. Our readers will be familiar with the name of Rukhmabai, the young and accomplished Hindu lady, whose sentence of six months' imprisonment for refusing to marry the husband to whom she had been betrothed in infancy awakened such widespread sympathy about four years ago. Turning to her article in the *New Review* we read:—

"It remains for us to consider how child-marriage, which has ruined the Hindus morally and physically, is to be got rid of. We must realise the fact that the race by the prevalence of this pernicious custom has been weakened to such an extent that to rise up against that custom with united strength has become next to impossible."

And if we face the fact that, as Ramabai, the cultivated Hindu lady, says:—

"The powerful Hindu law, the mighty British Government, the one hundred and twenty-nine million men, and the three hundred and thirty million gods of the Hindus have conspired to crush woman into nothingness,"

well may we understand that to rise against such monstrous hosts has become an impossibility. We believe that Zenana Missions to the women of India, with their band of heroic agents, including medical workers, as well as evangelists, have done much to ameliorate the sad lot of some of these down-trodden ones. Christ's love is the golden cord linking India's hand in Britain's warm clasp. We would re-echo Ramabai's words:—

"Meanwhile we shall patiently await the advent of the Kingdom of Righteousness, wherein the weak, the lonely and the helpless, shall be made happy because the Great Judge Himself 'shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

No pleasure is shown in India on the birth of a baby-girl. The father storms at his fate, the mother's distress is beyond description, and soon the little one begins to *feel* her misery. It is customary, whenever possible, to name and betroth the infant on the same day, namely, the twelfth after its birth.

It is considered a disgrace in a Hindu household for any little girl to remain unmarried after the age of eight years. The expenses of the wedding are, as a rule, about twenty times more than the father can afford. Thus he is plunged into debts from which he finds it impossible to extricate himself. The whole nation suffers from this pernicious custom, and yet it prevails! The iron bands of custom have not yet been snapped. Again we quote from Rukhmabai:—

"In considering how child-marriage affects the young wife we shall find, as might be expected, that the Hindu woman is even more degraded than the man. Indeed, no words can describe the mischief done by the system. It is the sole cause of the present deterioration of women in India. If child-marriage is injurious to a man, it is ten thousand times more so to a woman. It has degraded her to such an extent that she has almost lost the dignity of humanity, and has come to be considered an inferior being. Indeed, men regard her much as they regard one of their domestic animals."

But there is another phase in a Hindu's life, namely, that of widowhood. Should the boy or man die to whom any little girl is betrothed in India, she from that day becomes a widow. Every indignity is heaped upon her, for she is supposed to have caused the death of her husband. In the last census we find there were 78,000 widows not nine years old!

A Child Bride.

We extract the following from a catechism used by the Hindus:—

Q. What is cruel?

A. The heart of a viper.

Q. What is more cruel than this?

A. The heart of a woman.

Q. What is the cruellest of all?

A. The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.

Here also are a few lines

from the prayer of a Hindu widow, who having been taught by a Zenana missionary, wrote the following:—

"O, Father of the world, hast Thou not created us? Dost Thou care only for men? Hast Thou no thought for us women? O, God Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy which is a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer unto Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing; that saved by Thy mercy we may taste something of the joys of life."

The widow is never allowed to marry again, and it is against this enforced widowhood that Mr. Malabari and Rukhmabai raise their plea. They both tell us that these customs are not part of the religion of the Hindus, but are "irreligious, irrational, and inhuman innovations." We now quote from Mr. Malabari's letter in the *Times* of September 13th, written before his return to his native country:—

"On behalf of India let me once more tender my grateful thanks to all those who have helped and encouraged me—to the public, the authorities, and the Press. My thanks are due in an especial degree to those noble Englishwomen who reflect the highest virtues of the Anglo-Aryan race. To them I now entrust my cause. It is little that I ask for, but on this little depends our all.

"To the wives and mothers of Great Britain, therefore, I appeal finally on behalf of the orphans of British India."

It is hoped that our Government may be aroused to deal justly in these great questions affecting so many millions of our fellow subjects. The Government can do much to better the condition of India's women, but the evil is so deeply rooted that we look to the Gospel to be the mighty lever that shall raise and elevate woman and give her her rightful position in the Hindu home.

SICK-ROOM COOKERY.

BY GINA JONES.

THERE are various ways of preparing special foods for the sick, and in setting to work at the preparation care should be taken to consider first which food will be the best; second, which method of preparing that food will be the most agreeable and suitable. For instance, in making beef-tea all that is necessary is to scrape or chop up the meat, and to let it cook gently with an equal weight of water till the fluid nutriment is thoroughly extracted; but there are several ways of doing this, each of which might be preferable for some particular reason.

Beef-tea may be made in half-an-hour by taking half a pound of juicy steak, scraping it up finely, putting it into a clean saucepan with half a pint of cold water, and setting it over the fire till it *nearly* boils. It should then be removed to some place on the stove where it will only simmer very gently for the rest of the time. When done, the beef-tea should be poured off into a basin, and the fat should be removed by laying pieces of writing paper on the surface, which will absorb the drops of grease. This beef-tea should never be allowed to boil.

A better plan is to take one pound of beef-steak, or leg of beef, to cut it up finely, removing the fat, but not the gristle, and to place it in a jar with one pint of cold water, a very little salt, and three pepper-corns. The jar should be closely covered with the lid, and tied down, then placed in a gentle oven for three hours. Or the jar may be placed in a stewpan, and surrounded with boiling water, which should be kept simmering for the same period. The beef-tea is finished in the same way as in the first recipe, but if made some time before it is wanted, it may be allowed to cool, and the fat can then be removed with a spoon and paper before it is warmed up to serve. It is always better to make beef-tea in this way, rather than by the other, more rapid method, as the nourishment of the beef is more fully extracted; and the gristle, if any, being softened by long cooking, causes the beef-tea to stiffen into a jelly on cooling. This, however, does not necessarily show a better quality of the tea, it merely shows that some gristle has been used, as beef-tea made purely from the flesh will not stiffen on cooling.

A little gelatine may be added to either of these beef-teas, and the whole poured gently into some small moulds or egg-cups previously rinsed in cold water. When cold and stiffened, these may be turned out, one at a time as wanted, and served cold, or, if the beef-tea is desired hot, one of them can be turned out, and warmed as required.

It has been stated above that the beef-tea in the first recipe should never be allowed to boil, the reason for this being that the albumen of meat which will remain dissolved in the beef-tea if properly and gently cooked, will become hardened in small brown flakes if the tea is allowed to boil up. At the same time care should be taken to bring it as near the boiling point as possible before putting it back to simmer, for the beef-tea will turn sour if warmed too gradually.

Unless absolutely forbidden, beef-tea, and all other sick-room foods, should be delicately, but decidedly seasoned. Tasteless food is always objectionable even to people in health, and a careful consideration of flavour, as well as of appearance, is essential to good sick-room cookery. Of course, there are cases in which even a grain of salt may be injurious, but in these, some warning will generally be given.

It may be considered somewhat extravagant to use good beef-steak for beef-tea, but if the rapid method is adopted, it is well worth while to spend 2d. or 3d. more on the meat, for the value is obtained from it in increasing nourishment for the patient. The meat can be put on again with one quart of water, and a carrot, turnip, and onion cleaned and cut up, boiled gently for four hours, adding water now and then, and strained, when it will make a quart of good stock for soup.

Pounded meat is much more valuable as food than beef-tea, and should be given in preference when possible. It may be prepared by chopping up lean beef or veal, stewing it slowly for two hours with one ounce of rice or barley (well washed) seasoning, and one pint of water. Care must be taken that this does not burn. It must then be strained, the solid

part well pounded in a mortar, and passed through a fine wire sieve; the liquid, if any, may be added to it by degrees as it is rubbed through the sieve. It may then be gently warmed, or served cold. A little cream stirred into it at the last improves it very much.

There are various ways of making milk foods suitable for people who are ill, in most of these some starchy substance is used in conjunction with the milk. In making these foods, whether to be served as puddings or blanc-mange, it is necessary to beware of making them too thick. Two ounces of rice, tapioca, sago, corn-flour, to one pint of milk is a safe rule. They should be delicately flavoured with pure spices, or with fresh lemon rind, and moderately sweetened. Ground spices and bottled essences should be avoided—the first because they are frequently adulterated, and the latter because the strong flavour given by even a few drops is generally disagreeable to an invalid.

To make a Corn-flour Blanc-mange the quantities mentioned above are correct; but in every case where patent foods are used, it is advisable to read the recipes given on the packet, and follow them exactly. A great deal of trouble is saved by doing so. At the same time, a few hints are necessary as to setting about the work; and for an amateur cook, the simplest and safest way is to put the corn-flour (two ounces) into a basin, and add the whole of the milk to it perfectly cold. A few drops only should be put in at first, then a little more, stirring with a wooden spoon, and so on till all the corn-flour is mixed into a very soft paste. The rest of the milk may then be added more rapidly. The whole should be stirred up and poured into a clean saucepan, which would hold three pints. About one ounce of white sugar should be added, and a piece of stick cinnamon one inch long, not broken up, as it must be taken out afterwards. The saucepan should be put on the fire, and the blanc-mange stirred till it has been boiling for five minutes; it must boil quite as long as that after it gets thick, or the corn-flour will not be properly cooked. The cinnamon is then taken out, and the whole is turned into a mould or basin, which has been rinsed out and left wet.

The corn-flour must be perfectly cold before it is turned out.

A more refreshing sweet than the last is Orange Jelly, which is not at all difficult to make, and is almost always liked. To make this, a little of the yellow rind of a nice orange should be cut off very thinly with a sharp knife. The juice of about seven or eight oranges is then squeezed into a basin and strained. Any good gelatine can be used for this, but if it requires soaking, it should be soaked in the measured quantity of water which is to be used for the jelly—thus, if one pint of jelly is to be made, soak one ounce of gelatine in three-quarters of a pint of cold water, and use a quarter of a pint of orange juice. Having soaked the gelatine for about one hour, put it with the water into a saucepan, add about three ounces of white sugar and the finely-cut orange peel. Let this warm up, stirring it, till the gelatine is melted. Take it off the fire and strain into it the orange juice and the juice of one lemon. Mix this, and pour it into a rinsed-out mould. It will be noticed that the orange juice is not cooked at all, for cooking it would alter the flavour. It is always better to use one lemon in making this jelly; it makes it more refreshing.

Perhaps the most useful recipe of all in sick-room cookery is that for ordinary Lemonade. Hardly ever is well-made lemonade unwelcome to a patient, whilst in fevers and in the bad feverish colds from which children suffer, it is always acceptable.

To obtain the full flavour of the lemons, the rind should be cut off very thinly, the yellow part only being used. Half the rind of one lemon will be enough for one pint of lemonade.

This rind is put into a jug with four lumps of sugar, the juice of two lemons is then strained in, care being taken to keep out the pips, as not only do they give a bitter taste to the beverage, but they are most dangerous to health if swallowed.

A pint of *boiling* water is then poured in, and the jug should be covered for about half an hour. The lemonade is then stirred up and poured off into another jug, and left to get cold. It may be made with cold water, and the rind may be placed in a teacup, and a little boiling water added to it; this is strained into the jug after a few minutes. In this way the lemonade takes less time to cool.

There are two or three little dishes, which, although not generally suitable for persons who have come to years of discretion, are yet sufficiently appreciated by sick children. One of these is Egg-Snow, the ingredients of which are, one raw, fresh egg, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, and a very little grated nutmeg. The egg is carefully broken, the white being allowed to fall on a plate, the yolk being deposited in a small basin; the sugar is then added to the yolk. This must be stirred quickly with a wooden spoon till it becomes thick, then scraped into a tumbler. The white of the egg is beaten up to a stiff froth on the plate with a clean knife, and is then piled up on the yolk in the tumbler. The whole is sprinkled with a little more castor-sugar and grated nutmeg, and will frequently be found more acceptable than a plain boiled egg, or it may be given instead of pudding.

In every case a great deal of the true value of sick-room cookery depends on the judgment with which articles of food are offered to, or withheld from, a patient. It is never advisable to enter into conversations about food with a sick person. The mere thinking about it may give them a dislike for it, and the unlucky mention of a specially distasteful dish may be quite enough to take away what appetite they may have. Especially in the case of children should care be taken not to mention what the others, who are well, are going to have. A fretful desire to have something that the other children are having is not at all unnatural, if the little patient is convalescent; and a sick child should not be tempted to be tiresome in such a fashion. Sometimes a little talking and telling of stories about animals who were hungry and ate up their dinner quickly, may induce five-years-old to do the same with hers; but any mention of child-eating quadrupeds is better avoided. The fact that there are no bears or wolves in England, although a very solid consolation in times of health, is apt to become lost in a maze of frightened fancies when one has got the measles.

SOME FAROE JOTTINGS.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

NOT everyone may be advised to make a pilgrimage to the Faroe Islands. They are a little too far to the north for those of us who are not fond of rough gales and the fogs which sometimes hang over the little archipelago for days at a time. Besides, the accommodation for tourists is certainly not first-class. They are not expected, and therefore they are not provided for. If three times in two years a British yacht calls at Thorshavn, the capital of Stromoe, the chief island, it is as much diversion of the kind as the good islanders look for. They gaze their full upon its taper masts and shapely body, and compliment it with their marvellings. The yachtsmen come ashore, look with curiosity at the dirty little town, protest against the prevalent smell of fish, call on the governor of the isles in his stone house (the only building of the kind in the islands) with the Danish flag flying over it, shoot a few plover and hare, and then return to their pleasant quarters on their vessel, and set sail sooner than they meant to. At first sight, Faroe is not fascinating. Visitors who touch at the isles for an hour or two have a low opinion of them.

But it is different when you have lived in the midst of the people for several weeks, and learnt enough Danish to get at their hearts. They are a very simple, good-natured, and superstitious folk. Like the islanders of St. Kilda, they used to have a belief that the first traveller who came to them from the continent in the spring of the year brought an epidemic of influenza with him: "Kruim" they called it. Some Faroese are not above believing it still; but for the most part a monthly steamer from Copenhagen has, at least in the larger villages, put an end to this kind of belief, as also to the faith which the more remote islanders still have dimly in trolls, dwarfs, and goblins, supposed to have their abode among the rocks and in the dales of the islands.

In all, the Faroes include about a score of islands and two or three rocks. Of these, however, only seventeen are peopled. Stromoe, the principal island, is some twenty-five miles long by seven broad. The capital, Thorshavn (*i.e.*, the haven of the god Thor), has about eleven hundred inhabitants. It lies on a north-east bay of Stromoe, with the island of Naalsoe standing out at sea in front of it like a bar with a pyramidal hill upon it. Naalsoe is some protection to Thorshavn against the fierce wintry gales, but not very much. Again, to the north of Thorshavn one sees the bold cliffs of the southern ends of the islands of Osteroe, the second largest of all (nineteen miles by ten), Kunoe (seven by one mile and two-thirds), Wideroe (eight by three), Bordoe (eleven by five), and Fugloe (two miles by two). This last is named from the number of its sea birds. It is the most northerly of the isles, and perhaps this tempts the gulls and other seafowl to use it as a residence in their migratory journeys from the cold north downwards. These various islands are all in some sort a protection for Thorshavn; but for all that, when a fierce north-easter is raging, the waves tearing upon the little shingly bay are a sight not soon to be forgotten. I have been out on the coast-line by the capital in a September gale at night when it was possible to lean against the wind as if it were a buttress, and when the walls of surge by the rocks were a sort of illumination in the darkness. The thunder of the waves against the very houses of the capital at such a time is nothing less than awful; and in combination with the wailing of the wind keeps repose very much at a distance.

The total population of the Faroes was, in 1884, 11,220. This gives an average of twenty-two inhabitants to the square mile. In 1769 the population was only 4,775, in 1812, 5,209, and in 1834, 6,928. It is apparent, therefore, that the isles are in a good way. When one considers that the Faroes are nothing but rocks with rough heathery vales in which the white boulders are so numerous that at a distance they look like great flocks of sheep, and that all cultivation is an extremely stout tussle with the wind, the stony soil, and the brine in the air, it will be seen that the population is not small. Every year, too, many Faroe men go off into the world on fishing boats, and never return. Not that they are glad to leave their little home. Quite otherwise. Their proverbs all testify to their love of the home-nest. "There's no place like Faroe," they say in the pride of their hearts and their honest self-content. If they fail to come back after their voyage, it is because they are dead or detained in despite of their wishes. The Faroe man who lives through his journeyings about the world returns to Faroe and spends his later years as a "bonder," or farmer, in his native village among his friends.

It is a sturdy, pleasant life, that of a Faroe "bonder." At a distance a Faroe village is nothing but a patch of vivid green at the base of the hills, either by the coast or on the shore of one of the little fiords which here and there channel into the isles. The vivid greenery stands for the meadow grass and the barley fields in the immediate vicinity of the farm-house. Above, the rocks are what they were below also, before the farmer laboriously wrested his estate from them. The farm-house itself is a low, one-storied building, with a turf or thatched roof, thick walls, and little windows. Other little houses of the same kind are dotted about in the vicinity. These are the different store-houses. One house for the wool, another for the mutton or beef, hung up to be wind-dried for winter use, a third for hay, and so on. Fear of fire has as much to do with this isolated method of storage as aught else.

I must confess that the approach to some of the Faroe houses is a little formidable. Not only are the dung-heaps a sort of barricade which it requires some pluck to get through, but there are dogs, whose knowledge of strangers is so small that one cannot tell how they will treat them; and there is often a very nasty smell of stale fish from the carcases hanging at the eaves like a peculiar kind of fringe. This smell is not nice at bedtime, when it seems to have a knack of being most assertive, due, it may be, to the especial humidity of the night air. However, when these various barriers have been surmounted, there will be an interesting reception in a room which (if the formal guest chamber) will be comfortable enough. It may be cleanly panelled with imported pitch pine, with photographs on the walls, treasures of china and pewter under glass cases, and interesting big old chests for the family linen — heirlooms not lightly to be got rid of. And the bed, which the worthy red-faced "bonder" and his wife will point out to you, may be resplendent with a crimson or sky-blue quilt. Better to my mind, however, than this stately room is the common room, or "rogstue" (kitchen, literally "smoke-room"). Here you will be free from ceremony. It is a great place with bare soil floor, trodden unevenly by many

Ruins of the Cathedral at Kirkebo.

bare feet, and with a great fire in the middle of it. Spinning-wheels, carding-combs and other implements are set against the wall for use in the winter evenings, which, if they begin with sunset, begin at about three o'clock. There are benches by the walls for the farm hands, and the yellow dogs stretch themselves as near the peats as they can get. I used to be vastly interested in the groupings of the Faroe kitchens, and when going from village to village, constantly evaded the ceremonious attentions of my host — who, with his wife, would have waited on me in the solitary state of the guest chamber, and urged me to drink gin—and found my way to the common room. The maidens would be on one side of the chamber, knitting and spinning, and the men on the other side. In their attire there is little difference from the dress of the Shetlanders (their nearest neighbours, some two hundred miles south); but their round faces and blue eyes and flaxen hair give them even more Scandinavian a cast than the Scotch islanders. But as the days were long when I was in the isles, as a rule, it was only at storm times that I could find the farm hands thus assembled; or at supper, when the broth and dumplings were being served out. There was then plenty to do in the meadows, packing the sweet grass into neat little ricks like sugar loaves, attending to the cattle, or the boats, or what not.

It will be thought that even a holiday in such a country as this must be preciously dull: a country in which not a single tree is able to face the strong north winds! Well, I am not going to say I had not many dull moments. But I was soon sufficiently interested in my neighbours to keep tedium at a respectable distance. In Thorshavn I was received as a guest, at about three shillings and sixpence a day, into the house of a worthy old lady of ninety, whose daughter was my devoted attendant. This daughter was a woman of more than fifty, and an excellent creature, though oblivious of the blackness of her nails. She spoke a certain kind of English, too, and, as she was related to nearly every family of distinction in the archipelago, I was soon well acquainted with the local genealogical records. She was, moreover, sister-in-law to the gentleman who sat in the Upper House of Denmark as a representative of Faroe. This gentleman also I saw much of. He was magistrate, postmaster and antiquary, as well as senator. I wish I could remember half what he told me about the islands and his fellow-countrymen during our evening chats. He would drop in to smoke his pipe with me; but somehow I found it difficult to keep up a solid conversation upon politics, which was naturally his strong point. There is no telegraph in Faroe, and they get their letters once a month. Of what use was it to discuss politics on these terms? Who could tell what was happening in the meantime?

Thanks to my friend, I was included in the invitations sent out one day in July for the annual parliamentary dinner. What does that mean? you ask. Well, from time immemorial Faroe has had its "Lagthing," or provincial parliament, at which the more domestic affairs of the island are considered, and, if possible, arranged. This is opened usually on St. Olaf's Day, and very odd it was to see the assemblage of honest bonders from the different islands as they entered the parliament house and shook hands with the Governor. Of polish they had little enough, but if they had common sense no doubt that would suffice. And so Parliament was duly opened; a cheer was given for King Christian, and we went our way. That same evening the banquet took place. It was in the same house (with a roof of turf, like the rest) and in the same room. As a meal it was enjoyable, and as a spectacle still more so. I was honoured with a seat near the Governor, and so heard the speeches very well, though I understood but little of them. I am sorry to say one or two of the parliament men drank more claret than they could gracefully accommodate. However, there was nothing bacchanalian about the proceedings, and afterwards, when, with Scandinavian formality, we had each shaken hands with each other, with the phrase "mange tak" (many thanks) upon our lips till it came of its own accord, the senator and I went our way to an upper room in the town, where we found Thorshavn in the heat of its national dance. Needs must that we should get into the middle of it. It was the Black Hole of Calcutta over again. We joined hands with the lads and lasses—all perspiring in a most remarkable manner—and did our best to go round and round to the chant used upon such occasions until we found the heat insufferable. There was good humour everywhere.

A word or two about the costume of the Faroe men and boys. It is not remarkable, and yet it suits them very well. They wear striped red or blue mobcaps, thick homespun

Thorshavn.

jerseys, knee breeches, with or without gilt buttons, grey or brown woollen stockings, and untanned mocassins of cow-skin. These last are useful for the visitor too—so wet is the country. In a day's tramp of ten or fifteen miles the bogs and waterfalls would ruin a pair of Oxford Street boots. Besides, there are rocks and mountains to be climbed, with slippery basaltic sides which offer little grip to nail-shod boots, but which cowhide mocassins negotiate with comparative ease. The Faroese are very keen after wild sea-fowl, which they think a luxury not to be despised. The cowhide mocassins help them in their quests. On the other hand, the fowlers also run risks in which their feet play but little part. They get themselves let down over the precipices, and with nets and sticks sometimes amass spoil to the value of a pound sterling each, per day. Of course, however, the fowling season is short, and certainly they deserve to be well recompensed for the hazards they run. For my part I do not think much of roast gulls. I have eaten them at my Faroe dinner table, even as I have eaten whale, or the bottle-nosed dolphin they call whale. In England I should prefer to go without my dinner rather than face either of these dishes.

The Faroese are never seen in a stronger light than when there is word of a herd of these whales off the land. The tale goes all over the island, and to the adjacent islands also, in a very short time. Boats sally forth from all the villages, with lusty Faroe men eager for the sport. They try to get between the whales and the open sea, to drive them upon the land, and especially into some sheltering bay more particularly adapted for a killing. Perhaps they succeed in a short time, more probably they have a good deal of trouble. The whales take alarm and make for the ocean, the Faroese still after them. The chase has lasted for two days and two nights without intermission, and even then been purposeless. But with average luck the herd is diverted upon the land, and harpooned to death in the course of a few hours. The same custom operates here as in Greenland —when a whale is taken, the very spectators have an equal right to it with those who have helped to kill it. Nor is this a trivial privilege. Sometimes as many as 500 of the bottle-nosed dolphins are slain in a single hunt, worth something more than £3 a piece. The Crown has a share, and the Church has a share; the rest is mainly divisible between all who were present. The flesh is reckoned extremely nice by the islanders; best when eaten fresh, and roasted like beef, but by no means bad when it has been hung for weeks and months until it has become coated with green mould, and looks more like a strip of black leather than ought else.

Really the visitor is not of course forced to feed on this sort of food. The islands are a free port, which accounts for the cheapness of foreign wines, spirits and cigars. In Thorshavn there are divers considerable stores, better furnished with tinned meats than many a pretentious American store. But the cookery is rough, and at times excites nausea. You must not, for instance, mind if your victuals are dressed with whale oil once in a way. There is no coal in the islands (though to be sure in Suderoe, the southernmost, seventeen miles by five, there is some of it), and the peats are not first class for the kitchen. For one thing, however, I must commend my Faroe landlady; she was an admirable maker of soups, her cinnamon soups and raisin soups, and rice and milk soups, I shall long remember with respect. In the remote farm-houses, of course, one must expect less. There a share in the codfish stew, with plenty of eggs and milk will, however, suffice at least to keep body and soul together.

Somehow or other one thinks but lightly of these various drawbacks to Faroe, in looking back upon one's time in the islands. The hearty hospitality of the people, their simplicity and goodness, would condone many real hardships. The cliff scenery of the northern isles is grander moreover than anything we have in Great Britain. When the fogs allow one to see this to perfection, one is prone to wish other of one's compatriots thought the islands worth a visit. But before these become at all popular, very many changes will have to take place. A monthly steamer is an insuperable bar to many of us. For my part, however, and speaking somewhat selfishly, I could hope the islands will be left in all their present primitiveness for a long time to come. It is probable that they will be.

"NEARER."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," we often sing,
And scarcely pause to think the boon we ask
May come to us upon dark sorrow's wing,
Or bring a heavier load, a harder task.

"E'en though it be a *cross*," perchance that word
May wake a passing tremor in the breast,
And often when our song-request is heard,
'Tis answered in a way we little guessed.

We fail to recognise the "cross" when given,
But only feel its weight of added care,
And yet 'tis sent to raise us "nearer" heaven,
In answer to our own repeated prayer.

Ah! faith is strong in days of hope and joy,
When we can *sing* of "darkness," "griefs," and "woes,"
Yet when our Father doth in love employ
His chastening angels, oft we call them "foes."

So thus we miss the "nearness" we might gain,
And fail to cast upon the Lord our care,
Though He would lighten every load of pain,
The heavier end of every cross He'll bear.

Life's problems may be hard for us to solve,
And many questions long unanswered stay,
Yet He who hears each secret heart-resolve,
Will answer in His own good time, and way.

Oh! not with mere "lip service" let us sing!
But in our heart of hearts the echo be,
"Whate'er the future unto us may bring,
In all, and through all, draw us 'nearer Thee.'"

E. A. Lempriere Knight.

[Since the above lines have been in type, the writer has been suddenly bereaved of her eldest daughter (a beloved and beautiful girl of twenty years), and amid her sorrow desires to testify that the "heavy end" of even this "cross" *is borne by a loving Father.*]

MOTHERS AT HOME.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH.

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.—Our Work—How to Get Through It.

THERE has of late years sprung up a very great mistake in our notions as to work. Many people speak of the *working man*, meaning thereby the hand labourer only. Now there never was a greater mistake. Because a man wears a black coat and a tall hat, it does not follow that he is an idle man; on the contrary, the man so clad may probably work harder than the bricklayer or navvy who looks down upon him as one of the drones of the hive, little thinking that brain power uses up more human energy than mere muscle power.

So too, many men get an idea into their heads that they do all the work; quite ignoring the fact that a woman's work is never done till her head falls on the pillow at night, and even then she may be disturbed by some restless child. Yet how often do we hear the trite remark, "It seems funny you can't keep the children out of mischief, you have nothing else to do."

Nothing else to do indeed! How about washing, dressing, mending, and making? How about sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, and hearth-stoning; to say nothing of cooking and washing up, with perhaps a baby of three months, and a dowager baby of two years?

Let us then start with this understanding—work is of different kinds, and neither you nor I have any right to imagine that other people lead aimless, idle lives because their work is not exactly the same as ours.

Different as work may be, it has to be treated in much the same way by all who would get through it thoroughly and as comfortably as they can. Drive your work, and don't let your work drive you.

Method makes our work easier, muddle makes it doubly hard. How many people live in a perpetual scramble, and as a natural result they use up twice the strength and twice the time that they need.

"Put it down there for a minute," says the muddler, "I'll put it away presently;" and then when she has had to move various odds and ends from place to place, she has at last to do what should have been done at first, and spends half an hour "tidying up."

Think over your day's work in the morning, and make up your mind how you can best get through it; that's the golden rule for busy mothers. Don't leave it to chance whether you make the beds before you wash up the breakfast things, or scrub the kitchen table just before you clean the "brights," when you are safe to be obliged to give it another wipe over, before you sit down to patch Johnnie's jacket.

How different people's homes do look to be sure. We all know the flustered, hard-worked, short-tempered muddler. Whether she lives in two rooms, and manages all for herself, or has two or three servants to do her bidding, it makes very little difference. The tablecloths are always tumbled and crooked, the brass handles are always dull, the gas globes are always dusty, and husband and children have always a hole or two in their socks, or a button hanging by a thread.

A few weeks back I was in the tailoring department of the stores. A lady came in with a nurse and two children. All were dressed very smartly; far more smartly than I should care to see my children when out for a day's shopping in the City. Perhaps it was this which attracted my attention particularly. In a few minutes the little boy's jacket was taken off, and then I saw that his knickerbockers were *pinned* to his shirt. The inside arrangements were by no means so grand as the outside; and both nurse and mother must have belonged to the ignoble order of muddlers, in spite of their smartness.

Be thorough in your work. Dirt begins with the same letter as disease and death, and often leads to both. It takes really no longer to sweep a room thoroughly than it does to give it "a lick and a promise," provided of course it is done every day. Many people let their work go, and then periodically have a grand clean up which tires them out, and is not nearly as effectual as proper attention daily. "A stitch in time saves nine," in more ways than one; and socks, towels, and body linen carefully looked over, and mended every week, will last double the time that they will do if they are only attended to when you can put your fingers through the holes; while a room that is swept and dusted every day will take less time when the weekly turning out comes.

Forecast, but do not anticipate your work. We all know the story of the clock that broke its heart because it would have to go on ticking so many hundred times a day for so many years; and most of us must own to feeling sometimes at least, almost overwhelmed by the thought of what we have to get through each day. Still, the woman who forecasts a little, will be happier, and therefore brighter than the woman who takes the things higgledy-piggledy as they come to her hand; and then finds at least once or twice a day that she has put the cart before the horse, and has to take it out again.

The dignity of labour. Think often of it, my hard-working friends. The simplest work done cheerfully and thoroughly is a noble act. The woman who keeps her house sweet and clean, and her children the same, does her duty in that little corner of the world which God has seen fit to give her to fill, and mind you, no one could do it better. All true labour is noble, for it puts us side by side with our Great Master, who worked with His hands on earth.

The reward of labour—what is it? It is the feeling that we have done our best, it is the seeing that others are made happy and comfortable through our exertions; it is the knowing that in a dim far-off way we can share in that feeling of our Divine Master when He said, "I have finished the work."

The right end of labour—what is it? Not our own comfort, or our own praise, but the glory of God, and the good of men. So that the lowest of us doing her duty for Christ's sake may take her part in the shedding of the Gospel Light, not always by preaching, or by talking of her feelings, but by simply doing her duty. What if she sometimes sheds tears of weariness? God sees them, God counts them, and for each pang borne patiently for His sake, there will be a blessing by-and-by. "He that now goeth on his way weeping, and"—there's the important part, "beareth forth good seed;"

so many of us are ready to weep, but unwilling to work — "shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

So you see we have gradually come round to the only lever which can move all burdens; the all-powerful lever of prayer.

Work and worry will make old men and women of the youngest amongst us; work and prayer will keep us cheerful and happy. Idleness is not happiness, and although if we had our own way, we should most of us prefer to have "neither poverty nor riches" in the matter of work, yet of the two, it is healthier and better to have a little too much to do, than to be a prey to him who finds "some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Don't burn the candle at both ends, though, however busy you may be; you are safe to break down, and then what will become of your work while you are laid by?

Change of work is often rest, remember. Eyes wearied with sewing will be rested by a little scrubbing or blackleading. Brains tired out with figures will be refreshed by digging in the little garden. Nerves overstrained by the care of half-a-dozen rackety children will be braced by a lonely walk to fetch the bread or meat for to-morrow. In this way the busiest can get rest in a change, instead of keeping on at one thing till "I was that tired, I was fit to drop."

Pleasant thoughts are like the steam of the engine; they make the wheels go round quickly. So when you are the most worried by your work, try to change the current of your thoughts. Personally I have a great dislike to needlework; I have had it all my life, and I suppose I shall keep it to the end. It has not, however, prevented my making most of my children's clothes, and planning every one of them. But I will tell you what I do. When I have some work on hand I get a friend to come and sit with me if possible; then I get on like a house on fire at both ends whilst we chat. If I am obliged to sit alone, I get something nice to think about—a favourite hymn, or a treat in store for the children—and I just amuse my mind in that way to keep it off the needlework, which I am longing to grumble at. I only get on like a house on fire at *one* end then, but I don't get cross and uncomfortable, and the work is done in time.

"The labour we delight in, physics pain," said Shakespeare, and although many of us have labour that we do not at all delight in, yet in the long run we shall find that our pains are less when our work is more. Who ever heard of a hard-working woman with a family of children to bring up, being a victim to hysteria, or many another imaginary ill that idle young ladies indulge in?

Let us be thankful, then, for our work, and do it so that, in God's good time, we may lay us down to rest, knowing that it may be said of us, "She hath done what she could."

"Work, brothers mine; work hand and brain.
We'll win the Golden Age again;
And love's millennial morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! hurrah! true knights are we
In labour's lordlier chivalry."

AT ANY COST.

BY JENNIE PERRETT.

ONLY for a week, Charlie; a week is not long."

"Not for a day, Alice. Why do you ask? You know my reasons."

"I know your unreasonableness. It is unkind, cruel of you to interfere with my friendship with the Allingtons."

"Unkind! cruel! Alice, what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. The Allingtons are old friends of mine——"

"Not Mr. Allington—his wife was your friend."

"Yes, my friend and favourite schoolfellow; and you have no right to say that I shall not visit her, and——"

"Stay!" exclaimed Charlie Roscoe, indignant at what he considered his young wife's injustice. "I have never said one word against Mrs. Allington. You have heard me pity her, heard me regret her marriage to a man so utterly unworthy of her. If she can visit you without her husband, she is heartily welcome to do so, but I cannot extend my hospitality to him, neither can I consent to my wife's spending a week, or even a day, under his roof. His guests, the people you would find you had been invited to meet, belong to a fast, reckless set. Alice, you cannot, must not, go. Promise me you will write a refusal at once. I may rely upon you doing so—may I not?"

"I am not a child," murmured the young wife, thus evading a direct reply.

"I think you are," said her husband, smiling, "a spoiled, petted child—one who has seen little of the world and its

ways, and needs, therefore, a wise friend and counsellor; now promise, dear."

"I will promise nothing," Alice said, impatiently; then, either failing to notice, or unheeding, the expression of sorrow and anxiety upon her husband's face, she hastened out of the room.

Left an orphan when a very little child, Alice Roscoe had been petted and spoiled by the too-indulgent uncle to whose care she had been confided, until those who were wise in such matters declared she would be utterly unfit to contend with the trials and difficulties of life.

"She will have her own way at any cost," said the doctor, who had known her from her cradle, when he heard of the young lady's engagement to good-natured, kind-hearted Charlie Roscoe. "She is very wilful."

The doctor's words were repeated to the person who was supposed to be most interested in the matter, but he only laughed at them. He saw no cause for fear, no dim foreboding of rocks ahead, upon which the fair bark of his matrimonial happiness might be wrecked, entered his mind. The future seemed perfectly safe and secure.

"The doctor is an old croaker," he said, merrily. "Alice is certainly high-spirited, but I should not care for a quiet, meek, weak-hearted girl. We shall manage all right."

All through the brief engagement and the first few months of their married life all went well, nothing occurred to cause any dispute or quarrel of any kind. Then came the invitation to the Allingtons, when the young wife so plainly manifested a spirit of opposition to her husband's wishes.

"She will think better of it, she would not willingly grieve me," said Charlie Roscoe to himself after Alice had hastened from the room; "perhaps I had better leave her alone for a little time to think matters over."

"Shut your eyes and try to get forty winks,'" said Mr. Raymond. p. 46.

Having arrived at this conclusion he went into the garden and carefully inspected some new bedding plants he had ordered. While thus engaged a boy from the village post-office entered the garden and gave him a telegram he had been entrusted with.

"No answer," said Mr. Roscoe as he read the message; then giving his gardener a few instructions about the plants, he hurried back to the house.

Thinking it probable that his wife had gone to her own pleasant little sitting-room upstairs, he hastened there at once. He found her there seated near the window. She looked pale and troubled, and had evidently been crying. All these outward and visible tokens of some inward grief aroused Charlie's feelings of sympathy and compassion, and his voice was very gentle as he told her he was exceedingly sorry to have to leave home that day, but a telegram just received necessitated his immediate departure.

"It's from my lawyer," he said, "about that troublesome bit of property in Devonshire that I want to dispose of; he thinks one of his clients would buy it, as it adjoins some land of his. A dear old aunt left it to me, but it has always been a kind of white elephant, and I should be thankful to sell it. I am so sorry, darling, to leave you just now, I may have to be away three or four days, possibly I might have to run down into Devonshire. Stay a moment though, what need is there for me to leave you? You might come with me, we could put up at an hotel, and you could go about with the Beresfords until my business is done, then we could go sight-seeing together if you liked. Do come with me, will you dear?"

"No, thank you," replied Alice, coldly, and no persuasions could induce her to alter her decision.

"Then let me send Kitty Beresford down to stay with you," pleaded Charlie; "you are fond of Kitty."

"I don't want any visitors, thank you," replied Alice.

"As you will then," assented her husband, sadly; "you are annoyed with me, I suppose, on account of my unwillingness to let you visit Netherby, but time will prove that I was right."

Two hours later Charlie Roscoe journeyed to London. Anxious and troubled he hurried through his business, and three days later returned home accompanied by a cousin of his wife's.

"What, run away for a holiday just now," this gentleman had said when Charlie Roscoe urged him to return with him. "Well, I have no special work pressing, and I shall be pleased to see Alice; I have not seen her since you both called to ask my humble opinion with regard to the new conservatory you had built. Have you arranged the plants in the adjoining room according to your original intention?"

"Yes, or nearly so; but come and see, then we can profit by your criticisms. When one has a cousin who is a distinguished member of the Royal Academy, one may as well make use of him."

Twice during his brief absence had Charlie Roscoe written to his wife, but had received no reply to either letter. This did not greatly surprise him; he concluded that, as Alice was daily expecting him home, she had not thought it necessary to write. Great was his dismay, however, when, on arriving home, he found his wife had gone away the day after his departure. A note she had left for him contained a brief intimation of her intention to accept at once the Allingtons' invitation. Frankly the troubled husband told his visitor what had occurred—the invitation, his refusal to accept it; he kept nothing back.

"You were quite right," said Mr. Raymond. "I know something of Allington and his friends. Now, what will you do? Go at once and urge Alice to return?"

"No, not to-day, anyhow. I will wait until to-morrow, and see if any letter comes from her. What do you say—'I look tired?' I am awfully tired. I have been knocking about town until I am fagged out. And now, this trouble——"

"Shut your eyes, and try to get 'forty winks.' Some sleep would do you a lot of good; I'll be as quiet as a mouse."

Quiet Mr. Raymond accordingly was, and in less than half an hour, tired and unnerved after all he had passed through, Charlie Roscoe for one brief hour forgot his troubles and slumbered peacefully.

His friend, whose fingers were constantly busy with brush or pencil, sketched him as he slept in the pretty room he had helped to design, his thoughts wandering meanwhile to the wayward girl who had acted so foolishly.

Presently his host awoke, awoke to find a telegram awaiting him requesting him to start for Netherby immediately. Accompanied by Alec Raymond, he drove at once to the station. A train for Netherby was just due, and the twenty miles' journey was soon accomplished. A carriage was waiting at the station; and when the two friends arrived at the house, Mr. Roscoe was taken to the room where, unconscious of all that passed on around her, his wife lay. She had been persuaded by her host and some of his friends to ride a high-spirited, young horse, had been thrown and almost killed.

In time she rallied; but weak, helpless and crippled for life, she returned to her home two months later.

"It was moral, not physical, evil I feared for my wife in visiting these friends," said Charlie Roscoe to Alice's old friend, the doctor.

"I know that," said the old man, kindly; "you would have given all you possess to spare your wife this trial. The price she has to pay for her wilfulness, poor child, is a terrible one. But, remember, moral evil is far more to be dreaded than physical. And some of us learn in sorrow lessons prosperity never taught us; it may prove so in this case."

It did prove so; weak, dependent, helpless, conscious that she had brought her suffering upon herself, Alice truly repented her wrong-doing, and gave her heart and life into her Saviour's safe keeping. By her patience and gentleness she comforted her husband's sorrow-stricken heart, and lost no opportunity of warning those whom she knew were self-willed, of the danger that might follow their determination to have their own way at any cost.

OUR SLEEPING ROOMS.

A PHYSICIAN of note says: "We hear a great talk about malaria now-a-days, but there is more malaria to be found in most modern bedchambers than anywhere else." Persons who are moderately intelligent on other topics, appear to have small thought, or that very perverted, on the subject of hygiene in their sleeping rooms, and especially those occupied by children. The ventilation of a bedchamber cannot be too carefully attended to; and, as says Horace Mann, "seeing the atmosphere is forty miles deep all around the globe, it is a useless piece of economy to breathe it more than once." Yet nine mothers out of ten will carefully close all the windows, "for fear of colds and night air, and leave two or three children asleep in a stifling atmosphere, and see no connection between the colds and throat troubles they have, and the vitiated air she compels them to breathe night after night. Let the morning air and sunshine into the bedroom as soon as possible after the occupants have risen; and if there is no sunshine, and it is not raining, let in the air. Do not make up beds too soon after they are vacated. You may get your house tidied sooner, but it is neither cleanly nor healthy to snugly pack up bedclothing until the exhalations of the sleepers' bodies have been removed by exposure to the air.

Look carefully after the washstand and the various utensils belonging thereto. The soap-dishes and tooth-brush mugs cannot be kept too scrupulously clean. All slops and foul water should be emptied very promptly. Wash out and sun all pitchers, glasses, and whatever vessels are used in the sleeping-room. Never allow water or stale bouquets of flowers to stand for days in a spare room, after the departure of a guest. Towels that have been used should be promptly removed, and no soiled clothing allowed to hang or accumulate about the room. Closets opening into a sleeping apartment are often the receptacles of soiled clothes, shoes, etc., and become fruitful sources of bad air, particularly where there are small children. Into such places the housewife should look with a keen eye for objectionable articles, and remove them with an unsparing hand. I have encountered such closets, in which one might find all the odours traditionally belonging to the city of Cologne—any one of which was enough to suggest ideas of disease-germs.

Even so innocent a piece of furniture as the bureau may by carelessness become the recipient of articles which may taint the air of your bedchamber. Damp and soiled combs and brushes are not only unsightly and disgusting, but lying soiled and unaired from day to day, will certainly contribute to evil air and odours, as will also greasy and highly-scented hair-ribbons, etc. Never lay freshly laundried clothes upon the bed, nor elsewhere. Do not hesitate to light a fire on cool mornings and evenings; and if so fortunate as to have an open fireplace, you possess a grand means of comfort and ventilation in the bedchamber.

A CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THERE are comparatively few houses in which a large, bright, warm room can be spared for a nursery. Even where this might be done, the mother cannot employ a nurse to stay with the children, and her own cares and duties are too various to admit of her being long in any one place. Perhaps she does not keep even a maid-of-all-work. Then the children must inevitably follow the mother about, in kitchen, bedroom, or sitting-room, as her work demands. It is not uncommon, in so-called well-regulated families, to find children's toys scattered all over the house, while hats, coats and mittens are seldom twice in the same place.

A nursery or play-room for the children may be out of the question, but surely some corner, chest, drawer, or portion of a closet may be found for each child, where its individual possessions should be kept when not in use. On the whole, the most satisfactory piece of furniture in our house is a home-made one—a set of shelves which his father made for our five-year-old boy. The shelves are somewhat more than a yard long, and separated by unequal distances in order to accommodate the different sized toys. On the top shelf stand his bank, vase, and several pretty but somewhat fragile toys; the next shelf is entirely devoted to books, of which he has more than most boys, while the lower ones are filled with his remaining treasures. To a simple brass rod with rings, pretty, inexpensive curtains are attached. When these are drawn, the effect is that of book-shelves—an ornament to our living-room, where they stand under the mantel in one corner. There the boy is "monarch of all he surveys," and he has no excuse for leaving his toys about the house. When his friends come to play with him, it is easy for them to take out such things as they wish, and put them back again when they have finished playing, thus avoiding the general chaos so common after children's visits.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

THIS month is justly accounted a treacherous one, and great care should be taken in choosing new dress materials. If thinner ones are preferred, mothers should see that the linings are stout and warm. The fashions vary very little from those of last month; braided dresses are more in favour than ever, altering very little from the one shown in sketch on page 16. Instead of a braided cuirasse the front skirts are being braided in floral designs; and where the entire sleeve was braided only, the top is now worked to form a V-shaped epaulette. The cuff takes the same shape, with the point of the V towards the epaulette, both matching the skirt. Many dresses have in addition a collar and rever. There never was greater opportunity for artistic taste than at the present time. Self braids (by which we mean the same shade as the dress material), or black, should alone be used for this purpose, and the braiding of the skirt should be done on the end of the cloth, and not at the side, when the depth of skirt can be cut to any required length.

Embroidered costumes will be worn more than last year; and the large wholesale houses have already a great variety.

Fig. 5.

They are similar in design to the braided ones, being mostly of floral pattern. Some contain 5¾ yards plain material with 2¼ fancy, making 8 yards in all, which can be procured at any draper's from 16s. 9d. upwards.

The sketch (Fig. 5) shown on this page is made entirely of one material. Seven yards of double width stuff were used for the model costume from which our figure was drawn. The skirt is draped a little at each hip, and may fall into a double box-pleat at the side. The back is formed of knife-pleats. The lining of the bodice should be close fitting, but the material must be full on the right shoulder, and half way down the arm-hole across the chest, which should be fastened down the front with an occasional stitch, the material then being drawn to the left shoulder, where it fastens down to the right hip underneath a ribbon, or band of material with a bow at either end as shown in the sketch. The collar and cuffs are tastefully formed by ribbons to match, but at this early season a collar of material in addition to the ribbon at the throat would be advisable. We give here two ideas for the sleeve. The one shown on costume is the more becoming to medium or short persons; whilst the half or full bishop, so much worn, will be found stylish and effective for tall figures.

The hat to be worn with this costume may be of felt or straw, trimmed with ribbon and chiffon embroidery the same shade as the ribbon bands on the bodice. Broad, flat-brimmed hats for girls and young ladies are still in the ascendant.

Many are anxious about the dresses of little folk, and every care should be taken to shield them from the keen east winds of this month, and again we would add a word of advice as to warm linings. We give three very pretty, comfortable-looking, out-door costumes for children of from eight to twelve years. No. 6 is made of serge and plush, the skirt being composed of box or knife-pleats at back, whilst the back of the bodice is quite plain. The front should have a yoke, below which is a honeycombed or smocked front, cut into points or scollops and falling over a plain plush band at bottom, with a tight or loose band of plush round the waist. The half coat similar to the "cut away," worn by persons of all ages, is fastened at the shoulder, arm-hole, and side seam of the right side in the same way as the zouave, and has two tucks, with a band of plush at the edges. The tight-fitting sleeve is cut full at the top, with a neat cuff, being half of serge and half of plush. The costume fastens at the back, or down the right side underneath the jacket part. Silk or velvet may be used in preference to plush; two yards plain serge, from 1s. per yard, and half a yard of plush silk or velvet will be sufficient for a costume of 24 inches in length in front.

Figure 7.—This stylish dress for a little girl may be made of cashmere and silk, all cashmere, or cashmere trimmed with velvet or plush; the silk velvet or plush being used for the sash, and between box-pleats. Corresponding or contrasting colours may be used. The upper part of costume is made similar to a blouse, the full V of whatever material chosen, to be made separate or fastened to foundation and sewn into shoulder seams. The skirt of the costume is made in box-pleats, and to make the whole complete, buttons may be placed on the sleeves and on the front of blouse, from top of V to collar. 1½ yards of material and ½ yard of silk were used for this dress.

Figure 8 shows a costume for a child of about four years of age, and is made of nun's cloth and plush; or a very serviceable dress might be made of good navy serge at 1s. per yard, with red, cream, or white front and cuffs; and as the season advances, white or cream serge might be used, substituting a pale blue front and cuffs. In place of girdle, if preferred, a band or sash may be made to match front and cuffs, and tied either at the back or side; this would not only look well, but would be a serviceable sailor costume; and if a good serge is used, as we advise, and shrunk before making up, it will wear and wash well. This style would also look well if made in cashmere with plush front and cuffs, with a silk or woven cord girdle to match the plush. One of the leading colours will be cornflower blue.

Flat patterns can be supplied: fig. 5, 1s. ½d.; figs. 6, 7, and 8, 6½d. Address, M.C. pattern, 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Fig. 6. Fig. 7. Fig. 8